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Political Miscellany.

FROM THE CENTINEL.

FRENCH INFLUENCE.

MR. RUSSEL, No. II.

THE influence which the government of France has endeavoted to maintain in this country, is too aparent to every honeſt and enlightened American to require elaborate proof.—But the truth of the propoſition has been ſo often denied by the zealous partizans of France, and the *adroitneſs* of the ſtateſmen of that nation in acquiring an aſcendency in the public opinion of foreign nations is ſo great, and ſo univerſally admitted, that it may not be amiſs to ſummon to our aid the proofs that have ſo often been adduced by writers on this ſubject, and which cannot be too deeply engraven on the mind of every true friend of his country. During the war in which we were allies with France againſt Greatbritain, a ſenſe of common intereſt, a belief that the aid of France was uſeful to us in a conteſt highly momentous to America, & above all a generous confidence peculiar to our national character, forbade us to harbor any ſuſpicions of a gallant nation, whoſe ſoldiers were fighting at our ſides. The citizens of America not immediately in adminiſtration had no opportunities of obſerving the artful machiavilian policy of the king of France, and his favorite miniſter Vergennes, in attemping to get a ſtrong footing in the ſupreme legiſlature, and with our foreign miniſters. In a war, in which an infant nation was ſtruggling againſt its parent ſtate, in which debility and inexperience were oppoſed to Herculean force, and energetic counſels, in a war, in which the fears and anxiety of the people were conſtantly on the ſtretch, it would have been the worſt policy to have expoſed the intrigues and artifices of our moſt powerful ally.

But it is a well known fact, hitherto unconteſted, in its nature indiſputable, and one that I have always thought ſhould have been earlier made public, that the *intrigues* and *influence* of the French court in the Congreſs of the United States, and with a certain American miniſter reſident in France, were ſo great, and ſo palpable, as to alarm the honeſt ſtateſmen of that day, and to oblige them to exert their utmoſt talents to counteract their effects. If it would be fair to call as witneſſes before the

tribunal

tribunal of the public, many who are ſtill at the helm, and who were perſonally acquainted with the fact, I could ſummon a hoſt whom the moſt virulent democrat would not feel diſpoſed to diſcredit. I ſhould not confine myſelf to the venerable Samuel Adams, J. Adams, Dana, Jay, Gerry and the northern delegation; but I would confront them with the Lees, the Livingſtons, Madiſon, Jefferſon, and other enlightened ſtateſmen from the ſouthern ſtates. But as ſuch a colliſion might recal ſome unpleaſant reflections, and as my object is to ſmooth aſperities, rather than increaſe them, I willingly forbear.—Public records are by many perſons, eſteemed of higher authority, than any evidence derived from oral teſtimony—to ſuch I would refer as proofs of my aſſertions, the journals of Congreſs both public and private. In the courſe of which will be found multiplied examples of motions, votes and reſolutions always brought forward by the ſame characters & invariably favoring the views and objects of France in contradiſtinction to thoſe of our own country. The moſt eminently diſgraceful of which, I cannot refrain from mentioning, although it has been frequently adduced by able pens. I allude to a reſolution paſſed in Congreſs, directing our Ambaſſadors to take no ſteps relative to peace without firſt conſulting and having the approbation of the prime miniſter of France. Happy for this country, the ſpirited good ſenſe of our miniſters led them to diſregard a reſolution (originating as they well knew in the ſecret intrigues and private influence of the French court) and breaking through their fetters at the riſque of their lives and fortunes, they obtained for their country an honorable peace, and for themſelves immortal fame. The treaty of amity and commerce, and the conſular convention with France, are public acts which carry on the face of them inconteſtible evidence, and have in their effects afforded the moſt painful proofs of the influence under which they were made. The former of theſe inſtruments was made under the auſpices of Franklin, Deane, and Lee, and the latter under thoſe of Mr. Jefferſon alone. By the firſt France ſecured to herſelf our important and growing trade, and intended to retain the power of hampering and reſtraining it. She has cunningly reſerved to herſelf the right in all events of the fiſheries on the banks of Newfoundland, but in the *event of her* conquering that iſland, we are to be excluded and our ſhips liable to confiſcation, if they are found fiſhing there.—— When firſt made, this treaty contained two articles (No. 11 & 12) which even the French partizans had not the hardihood to defend, and which Congreſs indignantly reſcinded as too humiliating for an independent nation.

By the conſular convention, France effected what was the darling wiſh of their politic miniſtry, the legal eſtabliſhment of privileged ſpies.

It will not be pretended that her trade at that time required ſo expenſive an eſtabliſhment.

Independent and unheard of powers

powers judicial and executive were given to consuls, who had hitherto been viewed merely as commercial agents.

In what manner this has operated by the establishment of spies under the monarchy of France, & by the legalized support of zealous apostles of liberty, jacobinism and faction, under the Republic, what powerful instruments they have proved in making proselytes, and (some of our jacobins may add) martyrs to the cause of liberty, shall be more fully unfolded in my next number.

LEONIDAS.

Erratum—In the 1st No. line 4th, for "*evils*" read "*events.*"

No. IV.

THE zealous supporters of the federal government, warmed by a just indignation at the attempts made by France to subvert it or make it subservient to her own purposes, may naturally expect, that I shall charge the whole body of opponents to government, admirers and advocates of French principles, with having been corrupted with French gold. No, my fellow citizens, I am not actuated by so illiberal, intollerant a spirit. The sincere object of these essays, however useless they may prove in the event, is to allay the violence of party zeal, to remove from the great body of antifederalists, that stigma which has been indiscriminately laid upon them—to place upon the heads of the guilty alone the odium they justly merit—to convince their too credulous partizans that they have been deceived by false and hollow professions of patriotism, and that if they reject the incendiary counsels of those *pretended* patriots (who as Mr. Fauchet declares have all of them their *prices*) the *real* friends to the people, to liberty and law, will receive them with open arms, and will bury all past differences in perpetual oblivion.

Mr. Genet, the incendiary minister of France, had been educated in the school of sedition and jacobinism.—He knew full well the weak side of the human heart. He had studied the example of the first masters in the science of instruction—and had learned the secret of governing the majority by the machinations of an artful and intriguing minority. He had seen that by two powerful engines, the mightiest monarchy in Europe had been battered to the ground.

A venal and abandoned press, devoted to sedition, is alone sufficient to involve in general ruin, the fairest structures—the most costly edifices of law and of government. But combinations of men, for the purpose of watching the measures, and of "*stopping the wheels*" of a government, whatever they may title themselves, whether denominated "Constitutional societies," "Jacobin associations" or by the more modern & elegant name of "Affiliated Clubs," are still more masterly inventions in the cause of terrorism and anarchy—I am individually convinced that no form of government, no civil society, can long under any circumstances, withstand the combined force of these two powerful enemies.

Genet, fresh from a country in which

which these terrible instruments of despotism were madly triumphant, heated, boiling over with that fanatic phrenzy, that savage, that fierce dementia which was epidemic in the sanguinary reign of *Robespierre*, surnamed *le humane*, made his first debarkation at Charleston, Southcarolina—a spot of all others on the continent, the best fitted to promote the *pacific* objects of his mission. That his landing at this place was a part of that nefarious conspiracy to draw this country into the war, or to separate the affections of the people from the government, cannot at this period be denied, since it has been so often repeated in the public prints, and no pretext, no apology either official or private has ever been offered for this daring and outrageous insult upon the dignity of our country. The incendiary minister began his career by granting commissions for privateers to any who applied for them; by encouraging the spirit of rapacity and plunder; by authorizing and procuring the enlistment of soldiers within our territories; by issuing commissions and employing American citizens to begin a military enterprize within our jurisdiction; by receiving repeated addresses publicly as minister of France, before he produced his credentials or had received his exequatur; by flattering the passions and the vanity of our citizens and by persuading them to consider the cause of France as their own in his own fulsome answers to addresses; by professing a regard & an affection for this country and its citizens which the event has proved to be false and deceitful; by engaging on his side, (in what manner or by what means they best can tell) the Editors of several newspapers in the most populous towns of the United States; by encouraging the circulation of those prostituted vehicles of slander; by excluding from those papers (which have since been denominated French) every sentiment and every publication which would have counteracted his views—and lest any candid citizens should doubt the truth of this assertion, I publicly challenge any writer to produce a single publication in *Bache's* Aurora, *Greenleaf's* Argus, or the lying Chronicle, in which the federal government or the British nation if mentioned, have not been abused and execrated, or in which the French measures either in Europe, or with respect to us, have not been approved and applauded. Like a weather cock, or like the Vicar of Bray, they have swivelled round and veered about with all the absurdities, contradictions and barbarities of the French Jacobins. *Genet* had not only engaged certain papers in support of his vile measures, but he had enlisted the ablest writers, whose "consciences had their prices." In what manner this has been done, whether by gold or flattery, is of little moment to the public who have suffered.—Mr. Secretary Dallas, a British emigrant, can no doubt resolve this point, if properly feed. He can inform the public of what nature his reward was for *quibbling* in defence of his patron Genet when charged with his traiterous appeal from the constituted authorities; and if we give any credit to the memorable

and

and never to be forgotten letter of Mr Fauchet, Mr. Dallas could give us some light as to the negotiation with the Flour merchants, about which some envious clouds still hang and hover. That Mr. Genet employed an engine still more forcible to batter down the goodly fabric of our constitution; that he had nearly accomplished his object of involving us in the war, if the prudence of our executive had not snatched us from the impending ruin, I will endeavor to establish in my next. LEONIDAS.

☞ *The preceding number is inserted this week by mistake, instead of No. 3.*

SOLITUDE.

THE love of solitude may sometimes with propriety, be called a virtue; but it frequently originates from vicious motives.

Retirement is only proper for persons of expanded minds, and good hearts; and those who are so unhappy as to be possessed of neither of these qualifications, should seek for society.

To those unqualified with the needful requisites above mentioned—a seclusion from the world is productive of many vices—the parent of numberless personal disquietudes, and the nurse of envy, malice, detraction, inquisitiveness, & similar accomplishments.

Often times, a parsimonious and contracted disposition give rise to this desire—and when it does, it sours our tempers, and renders us most wretched acquaintance.

Those who really wish to esteem us, become disgusted with our ill humors and bad manners. We first become contemptible in our own view, and then conduct ourselves, as contemptibly as we imagine we appear in the eyes of others.

Our acquaintance and neighbors avoid us; and we degenerate into non entities though we have a real existence.

We may possibly suppose we are so artful as to deceive mankind—but we may rely we are perfectly understood. Every servant in the district discerns our narrowness & ridicules our proceedings.

Our inquisitive tempers cannot long be concealed—our domestics may not be as trusty as we suppose, and reveal our wishes; or our neighbors may not be so dumb as we concluded, and discover our intentions.

We often search for kitchen and parlour information, to our own disgrace!—

Our slyness, wit, and supposed superior knowledge, are easily discovered.

Trifles designate characters:—Avarice, envy, covetousness, and kindred graces, cannot long be concealed.

Great state, and poor fare, in low life carried above its [illegible]

Affected grandeur, and the want of true greatness of soul, readily distinguished, being its very opposite.

No vice is more readily distinguished than that of avarice, and no vice is more reprehensible.

Pretended poverty, and great boasting of property, come from the same lips with an ill grace.

There are a kind of people, who are never contented; and indeed never

never can be, whilst there is one person in the community more good and respectable than themselves.

If you are more liberal, and live more comfortable—They hate and calumniate you! If you do not thus live—they are sure to ridicule and defame you.

If you have enemies they are always in league with them: and if you enjoy the friendship, and confidence, of any virtuous individual, or family, they assuredly undermine you, if they can.

If they make you a visit, they expect the best entertainment your circumstances will afford—and yet if you visit them (if they afford you *any*) it is the very *worst*.

Prodigality, and parsimony, are equal crimes; but the prodigal is indubitably the most respectable of the two.

Avarice is an hateful, and low vice! If we appear not small in our own eyes—it is because we want good sense, or judgment, or both.

THE MIRROR.

MORAL *REPOSITORY*.

YOUR *virtue may possibly in some cases, subject you to ridicule and reproach; it may keep you out of some of the most promising paths to preferment or wealth; it may disprive you of a large portion of your worldly possessions; it may expose you to persecution, with all its formidable train of attendants, poverty, imprisonment, torture and death. Yet—be not dismayed. The virtuous man has that within, which can sustain him under the severest shock of affliction, render him impenetrable to the sharpest darts of malice, and enable him to "look at the threatening death, and not turn pale." The virtuous man hath an almighty patron, who will not suffer his enemies finally to triumph over him; a faithful guardian, who will protect him in the hour of darkness, guide him through the vale of death, and hereafter "bring forth his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noonday." It is the animating doctrine of christianity, "The sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed. This hope, christians, ye have, as an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast. Be therefore patient; establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."*

EXTRACT from an authentic work published in Britain in 1793.

THE annals of Scotland present us with a series of frightful massacres. For any purpose of moral utility which it can answer, the whole narrative had better be forgotten. During the last forty years one half of our historians have exhausted their talents to revile the memory of George Buchanan, by far the greatest literary character that Northbritain ever produced, to decide whether Mary Stuart wrote some very stupid letters in French and Latin,

Latin, and whether Henry Darnley was a cuckold? We shall certainty find superior entertainment in the history of England, which, as her poets and historians tell us, hath always been the native seat of liberty—Here is a specimen.

During the reigns of Charles & James the Second, above 60 thousand nonconformists suffered, of whom five thousand died in prison. —*On a moderate computation, these persons were pillaged of fourteen millions of property. Such was the tolerating, liberal, candid spirit of the church of England.* This estimate cannot be intended to include Scotland, for it is likely that here alone, Episcopacy sacrificed sixty thousand victims. Of all sorts of follies, the records of the church form the most outrageous burlesque on the human understanding. As to Charles the Second, it is full time that we should be spared from the hereditary insults of a holiday for his baneful restoration.*

* *Flower, on the French Constitution, p. 437, and his authorities.*

SEVERAL runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being the executioner. He refused it: he would sooner die.—The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "'till I prepare myself." He instantly retired to his hut and cut off his wrist with an axe. Returning to his master "*now, said he, compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades.*"

BANQUET of COMUS.

A Handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crimcon. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by counsellor Dunning, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? "No sir, (said the woman) she never did." And how can you swear to her infidelity? "Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her." Indeed, said the counsellor. "Yes, indeed sir." And pray, my good woman, said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once, did your master, (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed with you? "That trial, (says the spirited woman) does not come on to day, Mr Slobberchops." Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul; and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories? No, my Lord, said the chopfallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

WHEN Mr. Popham (afterwards lord chief justice) was speaker of the house of commons; one session when the house had sat long, and, in effect, done nothing, coming to queen Elizabeth, she said, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons' House?" He answered, "If it please your majesty, seven weeks."

PARNASSIAN RIVULET.

SACRED TO SYMPATHY.

FOR THE RIVULET.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The poet assumes no *merit*; his intention is only to pour the balm of sympathetic consolation into the wounded heart of parental and fraternal affection, in offering for your Rivulet the following LINES on the Death of

MISS *RUTH WALKER.*

SEE *a Fair Sister quit this scene,*
Where woes and sorrows intervene
To crown our joys with care:—
Resign'd to Death's stern victory,
With joy her Spirit wings the sky,
To join HER kindred Fair.

Her life nor mark'd with guilty shame
Nor crime, (not Censure's *self could blame)*
Even Slander *must revere:—*
She left no enemies *on earth;*
In heav'n heaven's Friendship crowns her worth—
Blest with each kindred Fair

To happiest realms her Soul ascends,
Aided by fair angelic friends,
To greet her welcome there:—
She yields her life a year on high,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
To meet HER kindred Fair.
Happy, thrice happy her release
From cares to Highest Happiness,
Eternal bliss to share:—
Her least enjoyment now will be
Heaven's greatest best prosperity;
Lov'd by each kindred Fair.

There her fruition is replete
With joy; her happiness complete;
Free'd from each earthly care:—
No sorrows there can intervene
To cloud the happy, happy scene
Of this dear kindred Fair.

Ye PARENTS, *whose fond tender souls*
The bitterness of grief controuls,
Mourn—mourn not in despair:—
The heart-felt loss that gives you pain,
Is your lov'd Child's eternal gain;
Join'd with HER kindred Fair.

Thou, lonely SISTER *too, be calm,*
Be this of wounded grief the balm,
Thy RUTH is happy—where
Her heart can never heave a sigh,
(Save for thy *lov'd society,)*
Join'd with HER kindred Fair.

Ye BROTHERS, *whose revering love*
A Sister's innocence approve,
Your poignant woes forbear:—
Your sorrow is your Sister's joy,
Her heavenly bliss knows no alloy;
Lov'd by each kindred Fair.

SONNET.

Bring me flowers, and bring me wine!
Boy attend thy master's call!
Round my brows let myrtles twine,
At my feet let roses fall.
Breathe in softest notes the flute;
Form the song, and sound the lute;
Let thy gentle accents flow,
As the whispering zephyrs blow.
Sorrow would annoy my heart,
But I hate its baneful sting;
Joys shall chase the rapid dart,
For I will laugh and I will sing.
What avails the downcast eye!
What avails the tear and sigh!
Why should grief obstruct our way,
When we live but for a day?